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BETTING AND PUBLIC MORALS.

GOVERNOR HIGGINS
PHOTO BY PIRIE MACDONALD
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The defeat of the Coggeshall bill through Gov. Higgins's veto dissipates into thin air some fine-spun theories about race-track betting as a moral agency. The veto puts an end to one of the most remarkable alliances ever entered into in the name of reform.

The Coggeshall bill increased by 3 per cent. the tribute paid by the racing associations from their receipts to the county fairs. As a bid for further moral support and a continuance of the scandalous compact by which the State sanctions at the race track the gambling which it makes a crime elsewhere, it raised by $100,000 the amount of annual hush money. Its particular object was to kill the Cassidy bill making betting a felony whether practised "inside the fence" or outside. Ministerial support was given the measure on the alleged promise of the racing authorities to destroy the pool-rooms.

The veto holds out an expectation of an eventful disruption of the partnership in hypocrisy between the State and the race tracks. It is still possible to revive the Cassidy bill. With this a law and with a measure enacted such as the Morland bill, providing for direct State aid to agricultural associations, the immoral and unconstitutional alliance between the State and the bookmaker could be ended.

CHEAPEN TELEPHONE RATES!

The report of the American Bell Telephone Company calls public attention to its phenomenal growth. It has 5,698,258 telephones in service, treble the number in 1900.

Within six years its wire mileage has quadrupled and the number of conversations increased from a billion seven hundred million to more than four and a half billion. The company boasts "more subscribers, a greater mileage of wire and more traffic than the telephone systems of Great Britain and continental Europe combined."

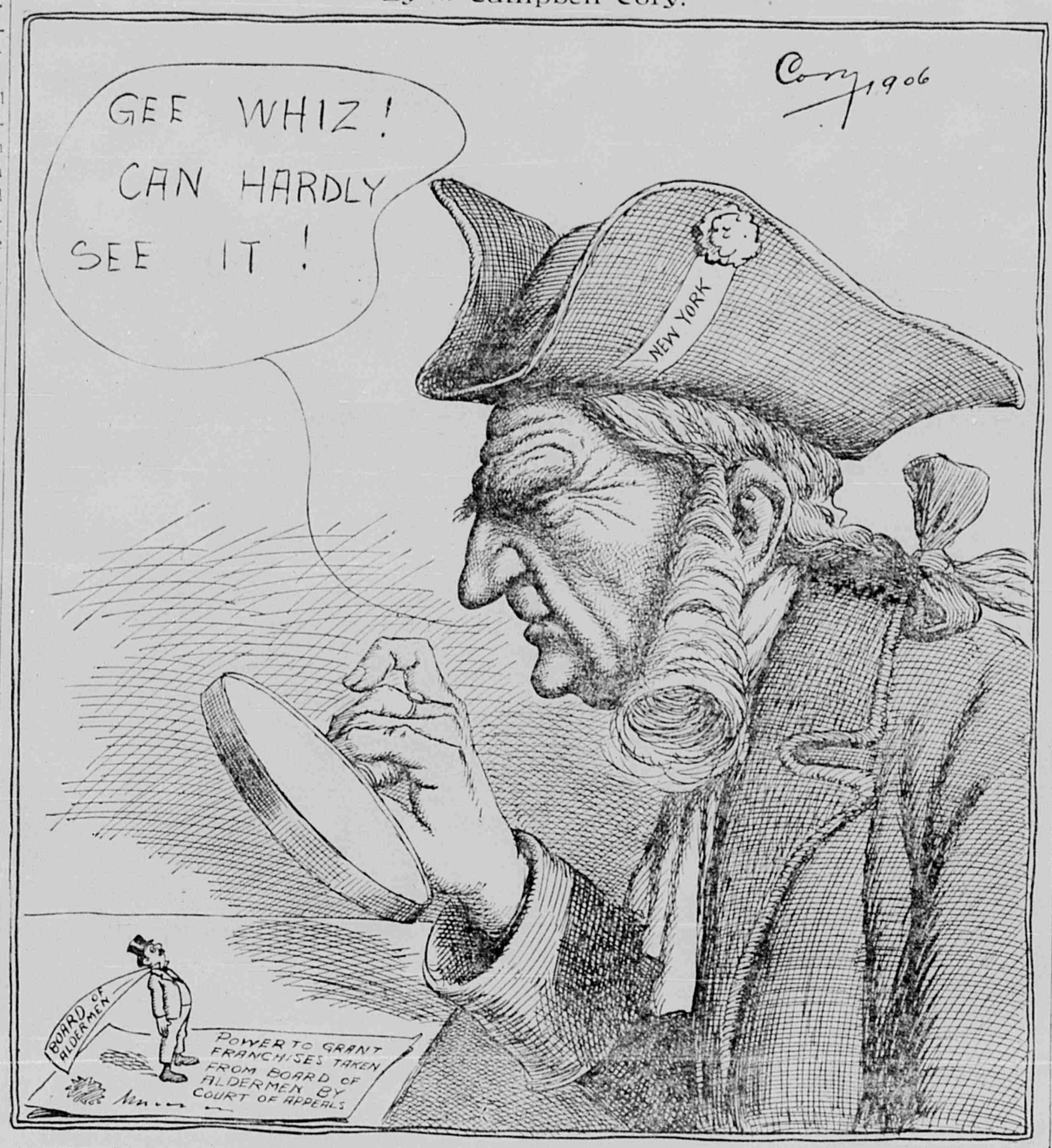
Truly a splendid showing. But the company refrains from further comparisons. Are they odious? It makes no mention of the fact that its charge of ten cents for a local call is five times as high as the two-cent charge in London under Government operation. For four cents (twopence) the Londoner may call any subscriber in the metropolitan district, say as far as from Manhattan to the Oranges. On the British telephone trunk lines the rate for twenty-five miles is six cents, as against thirty cents here. For one hundred miles it is twenty-four cents.

The company's reticence about these details of comparison is all the more interesting for the reason that an Aldermanic committee is at present investigating telephone rates in New York. Spokesmen for independent telephone interests tell the Aldermen that a two-cent local call would be profitable in New York.

Such concessions as the company has recently made are but crumbs. Its enormously increased business by cheapening operation has largely increased profits. In these the people have a right to share. Will the company voluntarily recognize this or wait till recognition is wrung from it?

Not Much Left.

By I. Campbell Cory.



Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did;
Why They Did It;
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 16.—PATRICK HENRY; The Man Who Could Talk and Wouldn't Work.

THE old white church of St. John, in Richmond, was crowded to the doors. It was early in 1775. The Virginia Convention was meeting there. There was but one thought in every delegate's heart—the wrongs of the colonies, and how best to redress them. The same thought was rife throughout the country. In Massachusetts it had already crystallized into action. But elsewhere men held back.

They knew what they wanted, but they did not know how to get it. Treason is an ugly word, and in those days its punishment was death. Yet in the royalist-ridden colony of Virginia mere mention of shaking off England's yoke must be regarded as treason. So, undecided and fearful, the delegates held back from the real purpose of their gathering, none wishing to speak first the word that might set a country ablaze, or might, on the other hand, send its speaker to the scaffold. Windy, futile talk filled in the precious time.

Said What Others Dared Not Think.

Suddenly a delegate from Hanover County arose and demanded the privileges of the floor. He was plainly dressed, had a homely, quizzical face and wore his unpowdered hair brushed straight back from his brow. His great horn spectacles were pushed high on his forehead. At sight of him there was a stir in the house. Some members looked expectant, some amused, but all interested. For, though Patrick Henry was regarded as an arrant failure in practical politics, as he had been in every business he had undertaken, he had a magnetic presence and a natural gift of oratory, which, for the time at least, had a way of making hearers forget his lack of logic and facts. A lazy, impractical man, but a whirlwind speaker, and, by the latter virtue, a rapidly rising lawyer.

After the first few words of his speech to the wavering convention, this day in 1775, a hush of amazed horror fell on the listeners. For this country lawyer was boldly saying what his fellow-delegates scarcely dared to think. He was boldly enumerating the colony's wrongs and calling England's King to account for them.

"Caesar had his Brutus," he went on, his flood of eloquence mastering him and sweeping away every vestige of caution, "Charles I. had his Cromwell, and George III."——

The delegates found voice as the orator named in succession the various tyrants of former days who had been deposed and slain by an outraged people.

"Treason! Treason!" they screamed; and in the cry Henry was recalled to himself and to the caution due the time and place. What name he had been about to speak in connection with England's King will never be known, for, changing his intent, he went on:

"And George III. may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

While still his auditors were under the spell of his daring words he went on to propose that "the colonies be immediately put in a state of defense." The motion was carried. The spark was struck. What others had thought in secret Henry had declaimed in public. And his fearless example, as much as the force of his oratory, carried the day for Liberty.

The speech swept the country. From Maine to Georgia it was quoted to thousands of wavering colonists, whose resolution grew strong as they listened. Eloquence had prevailed where logic and cold reason had failed. To Patrick Henry, idler and spellbinder, the nation owes the early allegiance of the Southern colonies to the cause of Freedom.

Military and Political Rewards.

In recognition of his services, Henry was soon after appointed commander-in-chief of the patriot forces in Virginia; but the routine and friction of such a position annoyed his easy-going nature, and he almost at once resigned, thereby throwing away a golden chance of military glory.

The tongue, not the sword, was Henry's weapon. He was elected first Republican Governor of Virginia in 1776 and re-elected in 1777 and 1778, and again in 1784. Finding that public service brought him into poverty and debt, he returned to criminal law practice and amassed a fortune in a very few years.

He re-entered the political lists in 1787 to oppose the Constitution as "dangerous to the country's liberties." The Government, grateful for his inestimable service in past years, would have showered honors on him, but he refused them all. Washington, in 1795, wanted to make him Secretary of State; John Adams, in 1797, tendered him the French Ambassadorship, and he was again named for Governor of Virginia. He declined all three offers and remained a private citizen until his death, in 1799, at the age of sixty-three.

He was the New World's first and most brilliant orator, accomplishing by mere words what no single great deed could have effected.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Broux, who tells the story, is page to Count Etienne de Mar, estranged son of the Duke of St. Quentin, a powerful French noble. The period is 1593, when Henry of Navarre, claimant of the French throne, is besieging Paris. The city is held by the League, under the Duke of Mayenne. St. Quentin is a follower of Henry, but has boldly come to Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries to make Mar assassinate St. Quentin. Mar and Paul both love Lorance de Montluc, Mayenne's ward. Mayenne has promised her to Paul, if the latter can get St. Quentin killed. Paul sets a trap whereby Mar is to be sent to the Bastille, but, mistaken for Mar, is himself arrested.

CHAPTER XVIII.
To the Bastille.

(Continued.)

IT was awkward to explain. Lucas, knowing well that there was no future for him who betrayed the Generalissimo's secrets, cried out angrily:

"He lies! I never rode out with M. de St. Quentin."

"Oh, come now. Really you waste a great deal of breath," the captain said. "I regret the cruel necessity of arresting you, M. de Mar; but there is nothing gained by blustering about it. I usually know what I am about."

"You do not know! Nom de dieu, you do not know. Felix Broux, speak up there. If you have told him behind my back that I am Etienne de Mar I defy you to say it to my face."

"I know nothing about it, messieurs." I repeated my little refrain. "Monsieur captain, remember, if you please, I never saw him till yesterday; he may be Paul de Lorraine for all I know. But he did not call himself that yesterday."

"You hell-hound!" Lucas cried.

"Go tell Louis to drive up to the cabaret door, Gaspard," bade the captain.

Lucas gazed at him as if to tear out of him the truth of the matter. I think he was still a prey to suspicion of a plot in this, and it paralyzed his tongue. He so reeked with intrigue that he smelled one wherever he went. He was much too clever to believe that this arresting officer was simply thick-witted.

"I say no more," he cried. "You may spare yourself your lies, the whole crew of you. I go as your prisoner, but I go as Paul of Lorraine, son of Henry, Duke of Guise."

He said it with a certain superbness; but the young captain, bourgeois of the bourgeois, did not mean to let himself be put down by any sprig of the noblesse.

"Certainly, if it is any comfort to you," he retorted. "But you are very dull, monsieur, not to be aware that your identity is known perfectly to others besides your lackey here and my man. I did not come to arrest you without a minute description of you from M. de Belin himself."

"Ventre bleu!" Lucas shouted. "I wrote the description. I myself lodged information against Mar. I came here to make sure you took him. Carry me before Belin; he will know me."

I trembled lest the officer could not but see that the man spoke truth. But I had no need to fear; there is a combination of stupidity and vanity which nothing can move.

"I have no orders to take you to M. de Belin," he returned calmly. "So you wrote the description, did you? Perhaps you will deny that it fits you?"

He read from the paper:

"'Charles-Andre-Etienne-Marie de St. Quentin, Comte de Mar. Age three-and-twenty; figure tall and slender; was dressed yesterday in black with plain falling-band; carries his right arm in a sling'——

"Is my arm in a sling?" Lucas demanded.

"No, in a handcuff," the captain laughted, at the same moment that his dragoon exclaimed, "His right wrist is bandaged, though."

"That is nothing! It is a mere scratch. I did it myself last night by accident," Lucas shouted, striving with his hampered left hand to pull the folds apart to show it. But he could not, and fell silent, wide-eyed, like one who sees the net of fate drawing in about him. The captain went on reading from his little paper:

"'Fair hair, gray eyes, aquiline nose'—I suppose you will still tell us, monsieur, that you are not the man?"

"I am not he. The Comte de Mar and I are nothing alike. We are both young, tall, yes; but that is all. He is slashed all up the fore-arm; my wrist is but scratched with a knife-edge. He has yellow hair; mine is brown. His eyes'——

"It is plain to me, monsieur," the officer interrupted, "that the description fits you in every particular." And so it did.

I, who had heard M. Etienne described twenty times, had yesterday mistaken Lucas for him; the same items served for both. It was the more remarkable because they actually looked no more alike than chalk and cheese. Lucas had set down his catalogue without a thought that he was drawing his own picture. If ever hunter was caught in his own gin Lucas was!

"You lie!" he cried furiously. "You know I am not Mar. You lie, the whole pack of you!"

"Gag him, Ravelle," the captain commanded with an angry flush.

"I demand to be taken before M. de Belin!" Lucas shouted.

The next moment the soldier had twisted a handkerchief about his mouth.

"Ready?" the captain asked of Gaspard, who had come back just in time to aid in the throttling. "Move on, then!"

He led the way out, the two dragoons following with their prisoner. And this time Lucas's fertile wits failed him. He did not slip from his captors' fingers between the room and the street. He was deposited in the big black coach that had aroused my wonder. Louis cracked his whip and off they rumbled.

I laughed all the way back to the Hotel St. Quentin.

CHAPTER XIX.
To the Hotel de Lorraine.

I FOUND M. Etienne sitting on the steps before the house. He had doffed his rusty black for a suit of azure and silver; his sword and poniard were heavy with silver chasings. His blue hat, its white plume pinned in a silver buckle, lay on the stone beside him. He had discarded his sling and was engaged in tuning a lute. Evidently he was struck by some change in my appearance, for he asked at once:

"What has happened, Felix?"

"Such a lark!" I cried.

"What! did old Menard share the crowns with you for your trouble?"

"No; he pocketed them all. That was not it."

I was so choked with laughter as to make it hard work to explain what was it, while his first bewilderment changed to an amazed interest, which in its turn gave way, not to delight, but to distress.

"Mordieu!" he cried, starting up, his face ablaze, "if I resemble that dirt"——

"I went to my post and he began singing."

"As chalk and cheese," I said. "No one seeing you both could possibly mistake you for two of the same race. But there was nothing in his catalogue that did not fit him. It mentioned, to be sure, the right arm in a sling; his was not, but he had his wrist bandaged. I think he cut himself last night when he was after me and I flung the door in his face, for afterward he held his hand behind his back. At any rate, there was the bandage; that was enough to satisfy the captain."

"And they took him off?"

"Truly. They gagged him because he protested so much, and lugged him off."

"To the Bastille?" he demanded, as if he could scarcely realize the event.

"To the Bastille. In a big travelling-coach, between the officer and his men. He may be there by this time."

He looked at me as if he were still not quite able to believe the thing.

"It is true, monsieur. If I were inventing it I could not invent anything better; but it is true."

"Certes, you could not invent anything better! Nor anything half so good. If ever there was a case of the biter bit"—— he broke off, laughing. "Monsieur, you know not half how funny it was. Had you seen their faces—the more Lucas swore he was not Comte de Mar the more the officer was sure he was."

"Felix, you have all the luck. I said this morning you should go about no more without me. Then I send you off on a stupid errand, and see what you get into!"

"Monsieur, I put it to you: Had you been there, how could Lucas have been arrested for Comte de Mar?"

"He won't stay arrested long—more's the pity."

"No," I said regretfully; "but they may keep him overnight."

"Aye, he may be out of mischief overnight. I am happy to say that my face is not known at the Bastille."

"Nor his, I take it. I thought from what I heard last night that he had never been in Paris save for a while in the spring, when he lay perdu. At the Bastille they may know nothing of the existence of a Paul de Lorraine. But, monsieur, if Mayenne has broken his word already, if they are arresting you on this trumped-up charge, you must get out of the gates to-night."

"Impossible," he answered, smiling; "I have an engagement in Paris."

"But monsieur may not keep it. He must go to St. Denis."

"I must go nowhere but to the Hotel Lorraine."

"Monsieur!"

"Why, look you, Felix; it is the safest spot for me in all Paris; it is the last place where they will look for me. Besides, now that they think me behind bars, they will not be looking for me at all. I shall be as safe as the hottest Leaguer in the camp."

"But in the hotel"——

"Be comforted; I shall not enter the hotel. There is a limit to my madness. No; I shall go softly around to a window in the side street under which I have often stood in the old days. She used to contrive to be in her chamber after supper."

"But, monsieur, how long is it since you were there last?"

"I think it must be two months. I had little heart for it after my father—— So, you see, no one will be on the lookout for me to-night."

"Neither will mademoiselle," I made my point.

"I hope she may," he answered. "She will know I must see her to-night. And I think she will be at the window."

The reasoning seemed satisfactory to him. And I thought one wet blanket in the house was enough.

"Very well, monsieur. I am ready for anything you propose."

"Then I propose supper."

Afterward we played shovel-board, I risking the pistoles mademoiselle had given me. I won five more, for he paid little heed to what he was about, but was ever fidgeting over to the window to see if it was dark enough to start. At length, when it was still between dog and wolf, he announced that he would delay no longer.

"Very well, monsieur," I said with all alacrity.

"But you are not to come!"

"Monsieur!"

"Certainly not. I must go alone to-night."

"But, monsieur, you will need me. You will need some one to watch the street while you speak with mademoiselle."

"I can have no listener to-night," he replied immovably.

"But I will not listen, monsieur! I shall stand out of earshot. But you must have some one to give you warning should the guard set on you."

"I can manage my own affairs," he retorted haughtily; "I desire neither your advice nor your company."

"Monsieur!" I cried, almost in tears.

"Enough!" he bade sharply. "Go send me Vigo."

I went like one in whose face the doors of heaven had shut.

Vigo came at once from the guard-room at my summons. It was on my tongue to tell him of M. le Comte's mad resolve to fare forth alone, to beg him to stop it. But I remembered how blameworthy I myself had held the equerry for interfering with M. Etienne, and I made up my mind that no word of cavil at my lord should ever pass my lips. I lagged across the court at Vigo's heels, silent.

M. Etienne was standing in the doorway.

"Vigo," he said, without a change of countenance, "get Felix a rapier, which he can use prettily enough. I cannot take him out to-night unarmed."

Vigo hesitated a moment, saluted and went.

"Monsieur," I cried out, "you meant all the time to take me!"

He gazed down on my heated visage and laughed and laughed.

"Felix," he gasped, "you had your sport over here at the inn. But I have seen nothing this summer as funny as your face."

Vigo came back with a sword and baldric for me, and a horse-pistol besides, but M. Etienne would not let me have it.

"Circumstances are such, Vigo, that I want no noisy weapons."

The equerry regarded him with a troubled countenance.

"I wish I knew, monsieur, whether I do right to let you go."

"We will not discuss that, and it please you."

"I do not, monsieur. I have no right to curtail M. le Comte's liberties. But I let you go with a heavy heart."

He looked after us with foreboding eyes as we went out of the great gate alone, with not so much as a linkboy. But if his heart was heavy our hearts were light. We passed along as merrily as though to a feast. M. Etienne hung his lute over his neck and strummed it; and whenever we passed under a window whence leaned a pretty head he sang snatches of love-songs. We were alone in the dark streets of a hostile city, bound for the house of a mighty foe; and one of us was wounded and one a tyro. Yet we laughed as we went; for there was Lucas languishing in prison, and here we were, free as air, steering our course for mademoiselle's window. One of us was in love and the other wore a sword for the first time, and all the power of Mayenne daunted us not.

We came at length within bowshot of the Hotel de Lorraine, where M. Etienne was willing to abate somewhat his swagger. We left the Rue St. Antoine, creeping around behind the house through a narrow and twisting alley—it was pitch-black, but he knew the way well—into a little street dim-lighted from the windows of the houses upon it. It was only a few rods long, running from the open square in front of the hotel to the network of unpaved alleys behind. On the further side stood a row of high-gabled houses, their doors opening directly on the pavement; on this side was but one big pile, the Hotel de Lorraine. The wall was broken by few windows, most of them dark; this was not the gay side of the house. The overhanging turret on the low second story, under which M. Etienne halted, was as dark as the rest, nor, though the casement was open wide, could we tell whether any one was in the room. We could hear nothing but the breeze crackling in the silken curtains.

"Take your station at the corner there," he bade, "and shout if they seem to be coming for us. But I think we shall not be molested. My fingers are so stiff they will hardly recognize my hand on the strings."

I went to my post, and he began singing, scarce loud enough for any but his lady above to mark him:

Fairest blossom ever grew
Once she loosened from her breast.
This I say, her eyes are blue.

From her breast the rose she drew,
Dole for me, her servant blest,
Fairest blossom ever grew.

The music paused, and I turned from my watch of the shadowy figures crossing the square, in instant alarm lest something was wrong. But whatever startled him ceased, for in a moment he went on again, and as he sang his voice rang fuller:

(To Be Continued.)

"The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Gambler," will follow "The Helmet of Navarre," on May 21, in The Evening World.